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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLVIII. CHICAGO, JANUARY 16, 1902. NUMBER 20

TO THE CHILDREN OF UNITY

This is the Sunniest season for the world. Withdraw for an hour from the whirl and merriment of holiday festivities. Go to an upper chamber, gaze into the sky and be thankful that Creator is Preserver and Benefactor.

When Earth turns from the Sun, the shortened days grow cold and barren; so also if you turn from the living spirit of God, whose lamp may be lit in each soul, you will become cold, hesitating and skeptical of goodness. Turn toward Spirit and Light; a spring of possibilities, a harvest of contentment awaits you.

As the days grow shorter, the air colder why do we not fear? The days will lengthen and grow bright; Earth will again blossom into Fruitfulness. Well may all continents rejoice. Order and Love reign. Sing Hosannas.

Creator is God over all alike. We live on a continent which invites all peoples to its shores. The gift of a new year is given to us; give gifts to one another.

As God's law in the heavens blesses all peoples with returning sunshine; so let our sympathy fly on the wings of love to every race, rejoicing with all mankind in the order of Heaven, in the gift of light.

Out of the chaos of the dark ages has beamed the cosmos of our Era; let us have faith that the law in the heavens will yet be the law on earth.

MARY NEWBERRY ADAMS.

Dubuque, December, 1884.

The above was found among the papers of the much loved Mrs. Adams after her death. It was addressed as above and was first printed as a New Year's Greeting card by the children and grandchildren of Mrs Adams for this year. It is here reproduced with their consent that her message, though belated, may at least reach the constituency it was first intended for.

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NOTE—The senior member of this firm Mr. A. Bisno is well known among those in Chicago who are students of the sweat shop iniquity. Mr. Bisno has been one of the leaders from the inside. During Mrs. Florence Kelley's administration as factory inspector of Illinois, Mr. Bisno was deputy inspector. The Editors of UNITY are glad to give this unsolicited notice and advertisement because they believe the needle industry needs to be elevated and sanatised.

UNITY

VOLUME XLVIII. THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, 1902. NUMBER 20

There's a space for good to bloom in
Every heart of man or woman,—
And however wild or human,
Or however brimmed with gall,
Never heart may beat without it;
And the darkest heart to doubt it
Has something good about it
After all.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

UNITY contributes its greetings to its young friends in Boston who have recently been celebrating happy birthdays: Colonel T. W. Higginson his seventy-eighth, Mary A. Livermore her eighty-second. We wish them many happy returns of the joyous event. For the nonce we are Swedenborgians, for did not their sage teach that "in Heaven the oldest angels are the youngest," and these angels, "messengers," as Ruskin would say, have long been citizens in this kingdom.

In the death of Charles Fluhrer the Universalist brotherhood has lost a worker widely known and as widely loved and respected. Mr. Fluhrer was for many years the successful pastor of the Universalist Church at Grand Rapids. It was under his auspices that the present beautiful church was built. He wrought for liberal things. He sought to ameliorate the dogmatic severities in religion and to vindicate the character of the Infinite against the harsh aspersions of his worshipers. He believed that God was good and that the work of his hands was neither contemptible nor totally depraved.

The *Literary Digest* makes some interesting extracts from the current papers under the title of "Should Literary Men Go Into Politics?" Perhaps a more pertinent question is this: "Should literary men stay out of politics?" The sooner politics ceases to be regarded as the special property of a certain self-appointed clique who follow it as a livelihood, and becomes instead the common duty and responsibility of all men, the better. The time is coming when the world will have contempt for the office-seeker, with scarcely less contempt for the office-dodger. In so far as politics is poor business it becomes honorable service.

Chicago is slowly realizing that there is now on exhibition at the Art Institute not only the works of a great artist, perhaps the greatest living, but a searching revelation of war as it is. This Verestchagin exhibit is not so extensive as that one which was here in 1889, but the Napoleon canvasses, of which there are twenty-two, and the Philippine canvasses, of which there are thirteen, are powerful comments upon war. Last Sunday the Editor of this paper preached to a crowded house on these pictures, and next Sunday, January 19, the artist himself is to stand in All Souls pulpit and speak on "War: Its Present and Future." A report of his address we hope to be able to give in our next week's issue.

We share with our neighbor, the *Northwestern Christain Advocate,* the hopeful estimate of the temperance situation. While certain emotional phases of the temperance agitation have doubtless waned, the importance of total abstinence on the economic and industrial side is greatly on the increase. Our neighbor calls attention to the most significant anxiety of the German Emperor over the beer drinking on factory premises which seems to threaten both the quality and the quantity of the workman's output. An American firm has eliminated the beer in an electrical apparatus factory in Germany and thereby increased the product ten per cent. Our neighbor sums up the result thus: "Efficient work requires a clear head and a steady nerve and these cannot be found in those who habitually use alcoholic liquors." Farmers, railroad managers as well as merchants and manufacturers are finding this out.

The periodic threatening of a coal famine agitated the Chicago public during the December cold spell, and two days of zero weather set up the prices of anthracite coal twenty-five cents per ton. Of course this increase did not affect the wealthy or those who, by forehanded thrift, were able to make provision for their winter fuel last summer, when prices were low, but it did visit untold hardship upon the poor and the unfortunate who, for want of money or of coal space, must needs buy their coal as they do their flour, at retail. That this so-called famine and the attendant rise in price is an artificial product regularly planned for by the immense combination and damnable foresight of the railroads and coal companies is a matter that can admit of no kind of doubt. An exchange estimates that this advance of twenty-five cents means an increase of one million dollars profit in a week to the coal dealers in Chicago. The same exchange truthfully says that "there are ten thousand in the river wards of Chicago who never know what it is to be warm in severe weather in winter." Coal is not of man's making, not even of man's hoarding. Truly there is something wrong when, as the *Socialist Spirit* says, "one man comes upon the earth to charge another man for the coal of the earth, so that one may loaf and one must work for two."

The *Northwestern Christian Advocate* in its 1st of January number contains a cartoon of more than passing significance. It is a theme worthy the brush of a master. It is entitled, "The Circuit Rider," and is characterized as "a typical Methodist scene." It is a country road, winding around the hills and along the forest, edged with the "worm-fence." A vast con-

course of people are gathered along the road and around the country church. It is a country crowd, men and boys in shirt sleeves and women in sunbonnets, but all clean. They are waiting the approach of the "Elder," a veritable "man of God," who is seen in the foreground, his sturdy "cob" picking his way carefully across the stream. The saddlebags and umbrella are fastened to the pommel; his Bible and perhaps his pistol may be in the holsters on the cantle of the saddle. The story of American conquest, the subjugation of the wilderness, the settling of the great Mississippi valley, cannot be told without giving a large place to this circuit rider. The present writer remembers their crude speech, their stereotyped figures, and certain grim elements of theology which he never believed, but their memory is enshrined in tenderness, haloed with reverence, because they were the embodiment of a good news, representatives of love to a multitude whose meager lives they helped to sanctify. The line under this cartoon calls these circuit riders "the cavalry force of early Methodism." We should like to enlarge the phrase and call them the mounted skirmishers on the picket line of American civilization. Indeed, they "followed the pioneers into the forests, upon the prairies and into the great West, breaking to them the bread of eternal life," but it will not do for Methodism to forget that the circuit rider of the first half of the nineteenth century cannot be reproduced in the first half of the twentieth century. There is need of his spirit yet but his method and his message must be changed. These must be brought up to date, and Methodism will overlook this fact at its peril.

Diversity of Origin, Unity of Destiny.

Professor McGee's address before the last meeting of the American Association on "The Origin of the Human Race," judging from extracts furnished in the *Literary Digest* of January 11, must have been one of profound interest to the readers of UNITY. It shows that the trend of science is towards magnifying the title and primal message of this paper. The same scientific research that lessens the probability of a common origin to the human race points unerringly to a common destiny. The multiplicity of races, the diversity of languages, the antagonisms of interests which mark the primitive man give way to the fusion of races, the union of languages and the community of interests in the civilized man. Says the vice-president of the association:

"The population of the world is steadily increasing, but the number of races is not, while the number of distinct peoples is progressively decreasing and the racial boundaries are slowly but surely melting away. This present condition is in accord with the past so far as history runs; races have not come up, tribes have not multiplied, but distinct peoples have coalesced, dialects and languages have blended into common tongues throughout the world—indeed, the processes of integration have been so characteristic of human progress throughout the historical period that it is now possible to announce, if not to establish, the proposition that peoples are pre-eminent in proportion to the complexity of their blood and culture."

These are words of profound import. Here anthropology reinforces the most prophetic postulates of sociology and of theology. Aristocracies in politics, orthodoxies of all kinds in religion, have assumed that if there is not an essential antagonism and a fundamental distinction in kind that justifies classes in society and sects and systems in religion, that at least there was strategic advantage in such, what might be called an economic value still in perpetuating the claims of birth and the distinctions of creeds.

But we believe that any scientific study of the facts in this direction will lead to conclusions similar to that set forth above by Doctor McGee. Frederick Harrison has called the English language and the English people valuable "amalgamations." The most inspiring religon of to-day is an amalgam. The finest character to-day is cosmopolitan. The most devout and appreciative conservative to-day, the one most loyal to his ancestry, rejoices in his mixed descent, his indebtedness, if he be Aryan, to his Semitic antecedents; if he be Semite, to his unquestioned Aryan inheritance. Physically, intellectually and spiritually every man and woman to-day of culture and refinement have drawn generously from divers races and creeds.

If there be any "blue blood" to be found to-day it is to be found in the degenerate byways and the out-of-the-way corners of humanity, such as is found in the unvisited corners of Europe, the famine-stricken fields of Asia, the "cracker" communities of East Tennessee and the Carolinas, and the Ghetto districts of Jewry. The larger man of to-day rejoices in his diverse origin, and is strong in the sense of the common life to-day.

All this has profound significance to the preacher and to the believer in church work and religious organization. There is an ethnic, an ignorant, a provincial element at the basis of the sects of Christendom, in so far as these basic elements are ameliorated or removed, in so far the demand for a justification of the sect goes.

Admitting the diverse origin, progress implies a convergence and a unity farther along. Let dissected Christendom take heart. Let race religions take warning. Amalgamation is not disgrace and does not imply debility or degeneracy; but it is triumph and promises strength, victory—indeed, it is the law of evolution, the trend of the universe, and any contenton against it or resistance to it is "kicking against the pricks."

"Civil Service in Cook County."

The annual report of President Hanberg to the Board of County Commissioners of Cook County, which contains the city of Chicago, made January 7, 1902, is especially interesting in its statement in regard to Civil Service. The message says:

"I earnestly recommend that the board continue to aid the civil service commission. I am in favor of not only sustaining the present law, but of carrying its operations further. The heads of all institutions which have to do with the care and treatment of the dependent sick and insane should be, as well as the employes, under civil service. If the merit system is good for the employes, it is good for the heads of institutions."

We have become accustomed to the splendid planks in party platforms, and the striking demands in messages of officials, none of which are carried out or

intended to be carried out; but President Hanberg by his official acts has shown that although he was not carried into office on any reform wave, he is yet the sincere friend of good government. The County Commissioners can strengthen the hands of the present County Civil Service Commission in accordance with the recommendation, but cannot extend an emasculated law so that it shall cover all the employes that it should. The Legislature alone can provide for the placing of wardens and superintendents under the provisions of the law.

We are enjoying now the first offensive as well as defensive acts of a good Civil Service law in the City Hall, and nothing endears that law more to the hearts of the people than the howls of the First ward democracy when a favorite son is struck down from a high place; its efficacy can certainly be judged to some extent by the enemies it makes. While we are enjoying this spectacle, the democrats groan under the burden of the act that confines the limbs of the party, and revile the civil service reformer for not having civil service similarly better the Republican party in the County Building. The democrats point to the fat patronage of the County Clerk, of the County Treasurer, of the Sheriff and their eyes grow dim with the rising tears as they think of the good "graft" that has got no string tied to it so that an insensate public may jerk it away when it is just within reach.

Their sorrow is shared by others, though from other motives.

There is no doubt that all the county offices should be under civil service, but the only question on which there can be any difference of opinion is as to means and time.

The agitation and preparation for such a revision of the county law would be long and difficult, while a simpler way seems to lie open. There is no doubt that the city and county government should be united and that at the time they are united the city law should be made to cover the new government. If the democrats are anxious to have the county under civil service, let them at once advocate a union of the city and county governments as the surest means of effectuating their desires.

In this demand they will be moreover assisted by President Hanberg, who advocated this union of governments in a recent speech. It will be interesting to watch the future career of President Hanberg; in his advocacy of advanced measures and sound reforms he is enlisting the support of the people, who wish to have a good business-like government and are groping toward it; furthermore, in his position he is probably sound as a question of politics, for the voter is more and more to be reckoned with in these days, and neither man nor party is safe in overriding the fair demands of the people. In any event, it is refreshing to see a politician advocating measures that may be regarded askance by his party, but are according to the conscience of the community and carry weight because they are just and right. F. W. B.

THE PULPIT.

What Business is For.

A Paper Read by Rev. Charles F. Dole, of Boston, at the Buffalo Congress of Religion, June 28, 1901.

You will often hear men say, "What do you take me for? I am not in business for philanthropy." So far as men mean that "business is business" and that it does not consist in giving money away, men are right in saying that they are not in business for philanthropy. But what they often seem to mean is that they are in business for themselves and for what they can get out of it. Business is money making. Success in business is gauged by the amount of money which a man makes. Is he a millionaire? Then he is a successful man. In a word, business is selfishness at work. The theory is that on one side a man is and must be selfish. He is bound to get ahead of other men. He intends to give as little and to get as much as he can. There may or may not be another side of his life where he is friendly and generous. He may be a kind father or neighbor. There is hardly any man who is not a philanthropist once in a while and towards some one. The common idea, however, is that a man keeps his humanity and his business principles in separate compartments.

This idea of business is so common that many who think themselves socialists appear to conceive of a socialist commonwealth as a more ingenious scheme by which selfish men, still remaining selfish, may expect by pooling their interests to get more for everybody than they could get alone. As a modern trust is supposed to be a contrivance whereby a few selfish men may make more money together than they could make in competition, so socialism is often thought to be such a larger device for the benefit of the many. It is a "trust," in which all do business together to the end that every selfish individual may get more for himself than he could get alone.

So much for the idea of business the chief end and aim of which is to get. Prevalent and plausible as this idea is, I propose to set up against it an entirely different and more comprehensive definition of business. I shall show that all business is simply so much social service. The end and aim of business is essentially to accomplish something for the social good. The success of every business is measured, not by what the individual gets out of it, but by the net social profit of his work when the work is done and paid for. The ruling emphasis of all good business is thus made to be to give, to contribute, to leave results. In the true sense of the word business is not aside from and over against humanity, but it is always the work of humanity. It is not dissociated from philanthropy, but philanthropy ought to be and indeed really is beginning measurably to be the ruling motive of business. Business more and more tends to become co-operative. But all genuine and effective co-operation is essentially philanthropic. We shall see that this proposition is incontrovertible.

I shall now use the word business in the widest sense, as including every function to which human beings apply themselves, through the performance of which they are justified in expecting their daily bread, or by means of which, involved together as we all are in our complex modern life, the great world of humanity "gets on."

I shall establish my position, first, with respect to certain very obvious cases where every one can easily see what I mean. For example, the business of the physician is clearly philanthropic, as a social function. What is the physician for, unless to help men and cure their ills and diseases? He is not here to make money, Suppose he happened to treat a rich man's son, and henceforth was pensioned off by his patron at a salary

of twenty thousand dollars a year. Would this make him a success as a physician? On the contrary, if he barely got his living in some hospital and there ministered to thousands of poor patients, he would be a success as a physician; that is, he would be doing the work for which physicians live.

Take now the case of a teacher or a college professor. You never measure his success by what he gets, but by what he accomplishes. Does he really teach? Suppose he is a mercenary man; suppose any one can buy him; suppose he would teach what is not true for a price, or would stop teaching for a comfortable pension. Would you ever vote to make such a man the teacher of your children? Would a mercenary teacher fail to train up purchasable citizens? Thank God, the demand grows all the time for teachers, at least, who are not "on the make," for teachers who aim at one thing, namely, the best possible education of their pupils; for teachers of the same class as Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, and President Mark Hopkins.

All the artists also follow our law—the painters, sculptors, architects, singers, musicians, poets, and writers. What is your great engineer for? Is his purpose merely to be paid? Is he a man to be bought? No. He plans and figures and superintends in order to give grand, solid, enduring, beautiful work. If his work will stand and serve men or please men he is a success. If his work is a disastrous Bussey bridge, though he were overpaid ten times for doing it, he is a failure and a sham. Who asks whether or not Homer was made rich by his poems, or Beethoven by his sonatas, or Michael Angelo by his colossal statuary, or the man Brunelleschi, who raised the splendid dome over the Cathedral at Florence? These men did the work for which they were appointed. Then they succeeded, whether they died of starvation afterward or not. Shakespeare was able to buy a comfortable house and land at Stratford on Avon. Did this paltry transaction constitute his success? Do you imagine that Emerson, or Whittier, or Charles Dickens would have envied Mr. Rockefeller? Do you think that Mr. Carnegie estimates himself a greater success in the world than poor Robert Burns? Do you mind that this same Robbie Burns will be blessing the lives of millions of men wherever the English speech is used, ages after all the overpaid rich men are forgotten? Let us call it thorough and magnificent success, then, when any artist does the honest work of his art. His getting pay, or titles or honors, is not his success. His doing the work is his success, for doing which he was born. His business was never in getting paid, but in somehow accomplishing his art.

Shall we stop here and create an aristocracy of artists and professional men? Shall we agree that the business of these superior men is to give something to help and enrich mankind, while below them common men must follow the brute law to get, while they give and do as little as possible? I believe in no such aristocracy. Here are millions of men who possess some kind of skill. They can plough fields, harvest grain, hew timber, mould iron, run machines, drive and tend cattle, build or steer ships, drive mines into the earth, make roads, load cars, and distribute every kind of product where a human need offers its prayer. There are millions of women who have skill to make and keep homes, to nurse little children, to sew and to mend and to prepare food, aye, who have a genius for mercy, pity, peace and love, to comfort men's hearts and make the most toilsome life worth living. I say that these millions of men and women are not here, like so many blood-suckers in a pool, for what they can get; their business is just the same as the great artists and the singers. Their success is the same. Has the brakeman, the sailor, or the artisan on the whole done the thing which he could do? I do not ask now if he has been paid for it. Has he done it well? and so that it does not need to be done again? Has he left a net profit for mankind out of his job, so that it has been worth while for him to have lived in this world? I do not ask the miserable question, Has he got a comfortable living? I ask the human question: Has he been worth his keep? I do not ask the wretched and degrading question: How much is he worth? That is, how much has he laid claim to? I ask the one characteristic humane question: How much has he been worth? That is, how much better off is the world for his having lived in it? Is not this the sole test of the success in any business?

Some one may ask why I have not said a word about the business of the ministers. Partly because I never can bear to put them in a class by themselves, as if they were a department of religion aside from the rest of human employment. I hold ministers to belong strictly in the ranks of the teachers, the educators, the thinkers and writers, and if their religion is genuine I should say, the men of science. I only mention them at all among other businesses because the test of our law seems to be specially inexorable for their profession. Less and less has the world any use for ministers who merely draw pay and a living. What a despicable profession it would be if the world were no better aff for its existence. Socrates asserted that Athens could afford to maintain him at public expense, because he told the people the truth. All Jerusalem might have done the same for Isaiah or Jesus; Boston for Theodore Parker or Garrison or Phillips Brooks. Are you worth your keep? is the test to try every man by. Does the bee only eat and consume and bring no honey to the hive for the common store? They put such drones to death. We men ought at least to make them ashamed of themselves.

I have purposely reserved several classes of men or professions. I have reserved the army and navy. In theory here is an absolutely unselfish profession. Soldiers are supposed to offer their lives for the sake of the common defense. What then is the success of a good soldier? Is it loot? Is it promotion and medals? Is Benedict Arnold or Washington your ideal? We say that the soldier who tries to save his own life, fails, and he succeeds, like Wolfe at Quebec who loses his life. What an extraordinary opinion this is! And every intelligent man holds it. It makes the soldier, at least as regards the people of his own country, a philanthropist. The typical soldier's business is wholly social. It follows now that the ideal of the soldier fairly carried out, promises to put an end to his profession. It is everywhere coming to pass, and even in the United States, that the army and navy, except in the limited sense of a mere national police, are a vast and needless burden upon the people; that so far from being a defense of the rights of the people, they threaten to be made the means of injustice at home and abroad. Soldiers tend now to retard true civilization. Other and nobler means, namely, growing international good will, commissions of arbitration, and the new Supreme Court at the Hague, offer themselves to prevent and to settle international grievances. Once it may have been a duty to volunteer to fight for the defense of one's country. A new humanitarian duty now arises to prevent one's country from fighting, to insist that one's country shall do justice and therefore not need to fight. In short, if altruism once seemed to make soldiers of men, altruism now forbids men to be soldiers. You cannot therefore make out a case any longer that the soldier is "worth his keep." Half of the money now drawn from the poor and spent for our army and navy, expended in the means of civilization, and especially in giving better chances to the children, would make the nation so strong, so rich, so happy,

so just and righteous, that no people in the world would wish to do it affront. Let the American Nation, trusting to justice and international good will, dismantle every ship, and dismiss every soldier tomorrow. I honestly believe that we should be safer from risks of violence than we are today.

Another questionable business is "politics." Why should the office of a soldier be supposed to incarnate courage, unselfishness, and patriotism, while the "politician" is the synonym for concentrated selfishness? Why should soldiering be a generous business, calling for sacrifice, and politics be the meanest of mercenary businesses? There is absolutely no reason for such a distinction. "Politics" is the most abused word in the language. It really means the affairs of the city or the people; that is, the public good. What is a President, a Congressman, a Governor, a Legislator, a Mayor, a Councilman for? What is his success? Is it in "boodle?" Not unless you rate Judas and all the rest of the thieves and traitors successful. Is it in getting a fat sinecure or finding places for mendicant constituents at the expense of the interests of the people? How far our American people are yet from Lincoln's idea of a democracy, when men regard politics as a business out of which to get their bread and butter! No wonder great cities and states are robbed and misgoverned, as long as each generation of boys is brought up to suppose that men hold office for what they can get, and not for what they can give and accomplish.

What shall we say now about trade and buying and selling? Is not this kind of business purely money-making? I should like to know why trade should be out of line with everything else in the world which men do. A man manufactures pianos or shoes. That he has to sell them for enough to pay for his labor, so to go on and make more product of the same kind, does not alter the nature of the business. It is essentially a branch of human service. The world is or ought to be better off for the manufacturer's enterprise. Success is not in the man's getting rich. If he turned out a fraudulent product and grew ever so rich, he would have failed. His success, whether he is rich or not, is in his continuing year in and year out to produce standard goods which the world needs. Can any honest man draw out of the labor of the world more than he puts in? Which do you desire, to impoverish the hive, or to add somewhat to the store of the honey?

Here then is the rule with all buying and selling: Trade translates to mean distribution of the product of the world. The trader helps me by bringing goods to my door. He binds the world together with his facilities of exchange. It is a poor country where no trade comes. The country grows riches, that is, we all have more, for every honest transaction whereby food and clothes and pictures and books are distributed more efficiently.

The test of the legitimacy of any kind of business immediately appears. Are you merely trying to crowd into a town and get business away from others? What are you in business for at all, unless your service is wanted and will do some good?

Here is the vast business in alcoholic drinks. It is a true instinct which is tending to make this business disreputable. Why? Because the people are poorer and worse off in every way for the larger part of the more than thousand million dollars which yearly go to float this business in the United States. How many men can say that they are in the liquor business for the honorable service of the people, as a man may truly say in almost any other kind of trade? The fact is, the only real success in the liquor business would be to reduce the traffic to a point where nine dealers out of ten would starve.

May we not say much the same of thel arger part of all the sales on the Stock Exchange? No man who has participated in them can have the satisfaction of feeling when he lies down at night that he has done a service for the world which has left it better off. Some day we shall look upon all stock gambling as we now look upon the Louisiana lottery.

Does any one say that I am talking of a highly theoretical conception of business? The reply is, that we know thoroughly able and successful men who are carrying on the business of manufacturing and distribution, or ordinary trade, upon this conception. To use a well-known example, what else did the famous Robert Dale Owen do? There were never so many of his order in business, I believe, as there are now. I know of most successful houses where, if the heads of the business were elected to serve the people, they would not be more conscientious than they are now. The vast co-operative enterprises in England and elsewhere use millions of capital and employ thousands of men. Will any one tell me what else they are for, except to serve the needs of the people? If a doctor, a teacher, an artist, an inventor, a scientific investigator, works all the better and more happily because his work is going to do some good to his fellows, if a man takes more pleasure in building a house or clearing a field because he will leave something worth while for those who come after him—why should not a man in any intelligent and legitimate kind of business work the better for seeing what his work is good for in terms of positive human service. I tell you he does work better. His intelligence on this point does not make him less intelligent elsewhere.

I am not saying here that a man must consciously carry the social purpose of business in his thought every moment of the day. If I walk to the postoffice, I do not think of the postoffice every step I take. The purpose merely guides my way. So the social purpose ought to guide a man's way, being present in the background of his consciousness. If any question or issue arises, this grander purpose of his life controls his action and binds the lesser efforts of each day in harmony with it.

You remind me now that a man must have his bread and butter and enough for his family. I have never forgotten this fact. So must a horse be well fed and housed and rubbed down on occasion. I simply say that you do not value the horse for what he costs you or what he eats, but for what he does. So with an intelligent and civilized man. The difference between him and the barbarian is just here. There is no profit in the barbarian. He leaves the world at best just as he found it. Not till a man cooperates and lives with other men and exchanges with them does he begin to count toward progress and civilization. His profit in the books of civilization is not in what he costs or draws out, but in what he contributes above the cost of his keep.

What a man gets for himself in this world, then, is incidental. The emphasis is on the other side, on giving and doing—not on getting. "But why," some selfish man asks, "should I be obliged to put the emphasis on what I can do and give, and not upon what I want most—what I can get?" Because this is a divine world, I suspect, and not a mere brute world; because it is an intelligent and humane world; because the strange, deep law of all happiness lies on the side which I emphasize. The truth is, even with animals and with children, this world is not so selfish as many imagine. The animal does not have his life merely in what he gets, but in what he does, in the outflow of energy, will and life. If a creature only had satisfaction when he was being fed or tended, he would not half live. The creature also has satisfaction when he pursues his food, when he builds his nest, when

he defnds his young, even when he runs for his life; in short, when his activity has full play.

Much more is this true with the man. There is a rhythm in life, outgo and income. The grand *ictus* is on the outgo. When does a good actor, or singer, or artist, or workman, have the utmost satisfaction? Not when he is being fed. He may forget his food entirely. He is happiest when he is putting himself utterly into a beautiful piece of work. The selfish man has only one side of his life,—the paltry balance in his favor between what he gives and what he gets. He counts his debit as his gain. The true man enjoys both sides of his life. He enjoys his income, and his outgo the more. His income is for the sake of his outgo. The more you give him, the more he does for you. There is even zest with this kind of man in overcoming obstacles, in discovering recondite truths, in penetrating frozen or torrid zones, in throwing bridges across vast and deep rivers, in canaling through the mountains, in risking danger and popular clamor for the sake of the public good. Tell this kind of a man at any time what the larger good of his fellows demands and he is committed to try to do it. What else is he for? This is his life. Can a common soldier see this principle, and go cheering to death with "the forlorn hope," and cannot any workman, or any tradesman, see it, too?

You know the common type of the individual man. He may be brave, truthful, courteous, just. But he thinks that he is sufficient to himself. He is like a round stone lying in the field. All that he cares for is to lie there and be let alone. I say this is not even the best type of the individual. The man is not yet a good individual till he has become a social or co-operative man. We want to take the boulder lying apart in the field and built it into a wall with other stones like it. We want the surface of that stone to take on cement and fit and match into its place. We want to keep the firm texture of the stone, its hardness, its endurance, and so make it help our building to last a thousand years. So with our co-operative man. Whatever makes a man strong, resolute, sincere, we want to keep. But what is there good in the man which is not the better when he contributes himself, heart and soul, to build himself into the temple of human society? The past century has gone to show in a wonderfully large number of cases what I am contending for, namely, that the coming man, the highest, matured and civilized type of man is a co-operative man,—the individualistic type and the social type combined in one. This co-operative man is the man, the sole end of whose business in this world is to contribute, to achieve, to add the wealth of his life to the good of the whole.

We live in an age when various forms of socialism are in the air. We are as sure as we are of anything that socialism must prevail in the end. Let us take good care to know what we mean by socialism. It is not an outward plan. It is not a mere Bellamy scheme of reorganization, in which government, that is the whole of us, shall take away from all of us our burdens and responsibilities and make everything comfortable for every one at the least possible cost. It is not an ingenious scheme by which, clubbing together, we shall get more than we give. Socialism is an absolutely impossible scheme for any set of men who hope to get, and expect not to give. A socialist commonwealth run by selfish men, run by the same kind of men who now run the trusts, only run by a larger number of them, the same men who are in Tammany, only a bigger Tammany! Try this for twenty-four hours. Try it in a home. Try it in a factory. Try it in a club. Selfishness is eternally divisive. It is jealous, suspicious, quick to quarrel, in haste to quit work and divide the profits. Do you call the government of the State of New York or the government of the United States today a democracy, that is, a socialistic form of government? No one pretends this. It has the semblance, but it lacks the spirit; it wants the men. It is only an attempt to meet the need of humanity. Its very failure is a new call for the development and the education of co-operative men and women. Again and again so-called socialist or co-operative schemes break down and fail. Sometimes they fail because "business is business" and has inexorable laws. But mostly their schemes fail because the men in them are not yet co-operative or social men. They want to get, and they do not yet want or know how effectively to give. Their desires and ambitions are eager enough, but their humanity, their skill, their intelligence, their modesty, their friendly temper, their good will to win co-operative success, does not match their exaggerated personal desires and ambitions. We shall never get a co-operative commonwealth, nor do we want it, without co-operative men and women. Neither shall we get the men and women until we cease to teach th American child the gospel of smartness. How long shall we set the Crokers, the Rockfellers, the Quays and the Hannas as object lessons of success?

I have already intimated that the idea which I have set forth is essentially religious. Let me make this clear. Progress, justice, order, goodness, the sacredness of the individual, the social sense,—where do you think these words belong? Do you imagine that they fit with a materialist or atheist world? They belong to the conception of a world where "men exist for one another." They imply a new law, replacing the animal competitive rule. The new law is—to live as sons of God. Can I say "A man's a man for a' that" with brown men and black men in view? I don't say that in Mr. Haeckel's word,—in an atheist world. I do not believe it in such a world. I say it, and I believe it, only in God's world. Only in God's world, and as I realize the conception of God's world, do I feel any such zest and faith in humanity sufficient to stir me to treat the Zulu and the Patagonian as brothers. Must I indeed sacrifice and risk all things,—gain and profit and fame, and stop doing what multitudes still bid me to do,—must I behave as a brother and friend on all occasions and to those who think ill of me,—must I live and do business as a co-operative man, and a humanitarian man? You all say I ought, that all men ought to do this. But this tremendous "ought" is a word of religion. It is a sense of religion which urges me to respond to it.

As I speak, we are almost in sight of the latest and most beautiful of the achievements of co-operative man. No individualism, but only the spirit of brotherhood, of men working in unison, could ever have achieved the miracle of beauty that we see before us here every night. It is a parable, and a prophecy, and a guarantee. It marks the way wherein all mankind, linking hand in hand in brotherly love, must and will win the world to the sway of justice and peace.

Correspondence.

THE SHELDON BIBLE STORIES.

The following extract from a private letter of an intelligent and care taking mother is so to the point that we reproduce it as a hint to other mothers who have or ought to have a care for the religious training of their children. We are sorry to say that the edition for date required has long been exhausted, as have also the editions for October 24 and November 7. Other back numbers can be supplied.—[EDITORS.

The Sheldon Old Testament Bible Stories are just what I have been wanting. They are so readable, so suitable to the understanding of little folk, and bring out what I most wanted to bring out of the stories for the children, the moral lesson, so strongly that I feel like giving a vote of thanks to UNITY for helping me to

a long felt want. In some way I am short of the number for October 17 and I wish I could make my file complete.

Anthropological Notes.

New York State Museum.—The University of the State of New York, through the State Museum—contines to work in the direction of local archæology and Indian history. We have already noticed two Museum Bulletins, which it has published—one on *Chipped Stone Implements,* the other on *Polished Stone Implements.* Recently two other bulletins have appeared, both, like the preceding, being written by W. M. Beauchamp. *Aboriginal Occupation of New York* forms an octavo of nearly two hundred pages, with sixteen plates of ninety-one diagrams and survey plottings of earthworks. Dr. Beauchamp first briefly characterizes and locates the tribes occupying the area of New York at the beginning of white settlement. He then summarizes, by counties, the available information regarding the locations of villages, stockades, earthworks, mounds, burial places, hunting camps, fishing spots, fords, trails, etc. The information is drawn from printed sources, from notes furnished by investigation, and from the author's field-work. It naturally varies in value, but Dr. Beauchamp has made his compilation well. The book will do much to stimulate further work. Two good maps accompany the text. One shows the areas occupied by New York tribes about the year 1600; the other locates by symbols the localities described in the text. The best authority heretofore on earthworks in New York was E. G. Squier, who, in *Antiquities of the State of New York,* presented plans of thirty-seven: Dr. Beauchamp gives plans of more than fifty and says that others might be obtained by prompt action. The other bulletin bears the title *Wampum and Shell Articles Used by New York Indians.* Wampum probably obtained its widest use among the Iroquois: it was also employed by Algonkin tribes, both east and west. It was probably little used by them until the formation of the Confederacy, because before that time the Iroquois' power was too weak to insure them an open passage to the sea and an abundant supply of shells for its fabrication. Its use culminated after the white settlement and probably the largest part of it was made by whites for use in trade. It was, primarily, ornament, and was strung into simple strands or worked up into more complex belts and collars; it became a medium of exchange, and, as such, was received at set values by Dutch, English, and even French, as well as by Indians. Both as ornament and money the purple wampum had a higher value than the white. But the most interesting use of wampum was in the employment of belts as presents and as evidence of good faith in treaties and councils. It almost replaced all other simpler gifts and pledges. Designs woven in the belts came to have meaning and significance was attached to the color of the beads used. All this curious history is admirably presented by Dr. Beauchamp, whose report is abundantly illustrated. All these bulletins are sold at the mere cost of printing.

In this connection we may say a few words about the Indian Museum at Albany. Half a century ago Lewis H. Morgan gathered a series of objects, representing the arts and life of the Iroquois, for the State Cabinet. A catalogue of the collection, with colored illustrations, was printed in the Annual Report of the Museum for 1852. The collection has been neglected and the greater part of it appears to have disappeared. Recently interest has revived. What is left of the Morgan collection has been re-gathered: largely through the late Mr. Richmond, a considerable quantity of archæological material has been brought together; to these have been added a collection of Iroquois objects secured by Mrs. Harriet Maxwell Converse. Of special interest in Mrs. Converse's collection are the grotesque "false faces," masks of wood, which are used in the dances and ceremonials of the false-face society; scores of these are in the collection, including many *old* ones, equals of which can never again be secured, at any outlay of money. Mrs. Converse also secured a fine collection of the silver "brooches," which were long manufactured by the Iroquois. They present a considerable range in forms, some of which appear to embody symbolism. Most interesting of all however are the national wampum belts long held by the official "keeper of the wampum," at Onondaga. These have recently been yielded up to the State University as custodian by official act of the Six Nations. The council at which the transfer was made took place in the State Capitol building and was a notable and dignified occasion. While appreciating the new interest shown by the State in its Indian history, we regret that the collections are crowded, badly arranged, in inappropriate casing, in an undesirable part of the Capitol.

*The Human Ear.**—The human ear has lately considerably occupied anthropologists. It has been studied as presenting stigmata of degeneracy: Bertillon carefully defines its forms as aids to criminal identification; other authors have traced its evolution instructively. It has remained for a lady, Miriam Ann Ellis, to present certain curious matter in a book published last year. The author studies ears for identification—not of criminals, but of normal persons. She describes her mode of study, her manner of taking nature prints of ears, and her system of record. She does not make it clear why her ideas are desirable or useful. Having considered the ear as a means of identification, she examines it as an index of character, and presents a lot of ill-digested observations after the fashion of the palmist or the astrologer. Then comes a chapter on Heredity as shown by ears, which is unsatisfactory. Clear and well-marked hereditary transmission of ear forms is to be expected and good examples would be interesting. What the author gives upon the subject is not convincing. The matter upon the ear as represented in art, the ear in literature and the ear in folk lore is interesting, but is far too scrappy and sketchy to be worth much. On the whole, the book is a disappointment. The author takes herself so seriously and the publishers have made such claims for the book that the reader expects an important contribution to science; that, it certainly is not.

American Indian Music.—Many Indian songs are individual songs, composed by the singer himself, and not to be sung by others. Thus the Coahuilaz of California are accustomed to compose death songs, which the makers hope to sing as the time of their demise approaches. Such individual songs are often medicine songs, supposed to give the singer luck or special power in his undertakings. These songs may be very simple; they may even consist of but a single word. Thus an old Tonkaway's medicine song consisted of the word for *pig,* repeated over and over. More frequently Indian songs are intended for a party of singers, who are dancing or conducting some ceremonial.—— Much study has recently been given to Indian music, and a number of collections of songs have been printed. Two important questions arise in transcribing this music: (1) Shall this music be harmonized, written as part music; (2) shall the notes of our ordinary scale be employed? Plainly all individual songs are sung as simple melodies; they ought not to be written as

* "The Human Ear." Miriam Ann Ellis. The Macmillan Co. New York. 1900. 16°. pp. x. 225. $1.75.

part music, of course. The question in regard to songs sung by a number of singers is simply whether all are *trying* to sing the same thing, to strike the same note. If so, they must also be written with a single series of notes. Whatever effect of blending occurs in such singing would be due to failure on the part of the singers to strike the notes they aim at: it would not be the intentional singing of different parts to produce harmony, and it ought not to be so represented.——The adequacy of our musical scale to correctly unite Indian music has been considerably discussed. Do the Indians recognize the same scale as we? Do they have the same intervals? If they do not, we must so modify the notes we employ as to indicate intermediate tones, glides, etc.——Your writer is not a musician, but he has heard a great deal of Indian music and doubts whether it should be harmonized and whether our scale as it stands adequately represents it. He has lately collected a considerable number of Iroquois songs with the graphophone and has placed the records in the hands of Dr. C. W. Seidenadle for investigation. Should Dr. Seidenadle's study support the point of view here held the music will be reproduced with the violin. It is believed that, in this way, hearers will gain a much truer idea of the sound and nature of Indian music than they have heretofore received from hearing hamonized songs, written in the ordinary scale, played upon the piano. FREDERICK STARR.

The Religion of Deed.

Since George Eliot there has arisen no more strenuous apostle of the human deed, and it triumphant, than Edwin Markham, the poet.

Insistent and consistent runs Mr. Markham's philosophy, and it is in line with the conviction of those believing in the impartial processes of Divine Law; in the absolute justice at the root of things.

It excuses no ignorance; it flatters no arrogance. The revelation is for all. Let each see to it that his deed is worthy, for deed carries fate.

While this doctrine is everlastingly true, yet there is a mighty pathos and terror in it. For parent and society make conditions for the child, and these conditions, if evil, will distort the child's nature and so misshape its deed. And yet this very deed must condemn it, must be its fate. It is the pity of this fact that inspires so much of Mr. Markham's work for the bettering of social conditions.

In fact, this thought lies at the bottom of the philosophy of "The Man With the Hoe." How compellingly, yet how compassionately, the poet phrases this recurrent gospel of the fatality of deed!

"The Suicide," etching the picture of the man who would shirk, flashes upon the mind a terrible conviction of man's inability to avoid working out his own destiny, here or hereafter:

> "Toil-worn, and trusting zeno's mad belief,
> A soul went wailing from the world of grief;
> A wild hope led the way,
> Then suddenly—dismay!
> So the old load was there—
> The duty, the despair!
> Nothing had changed; still only one escape
> From its old self into the angel shape."

How few the words, how vast the significance! It is a whole philosophy with one dip of the pen.

The Angelus, that collect for any day in the week, closes with a noble appeal for the "sweet human use," rather than for the hymn or the prayer alone:

> For each true deed is worship; it is prayer,
> And carries its own answer unaware.
> Yes; they whose feet upon good errands run
> Are friends of God, with Michael of the sun;
> He is more pleased by some sweet human use
> Than by the learned book of the recluse;
> More than white incense circling to the dome
> Is a field well furrowed or a nail sent home.
> More than the hallelujahs of the choirs
> Or hushed adorings at the altar fires
> Is a loaf well kneaded, or a room swept clean
> With light-heart love that finds no labor mean.

In *The Need of the Hour* there comes the same undercurrent again:

> We need
> The fine audacities of honest deed
> The homely old integrities of soul.

It is also in the word the Master speaks to old Friar Hilary in *The Hindered Quest.* The friar, for all his fasting and praying, has not seen the expected Lord appear in his cell. But when at a cry of human need the monk goes out to do a kindly deed, the Master comes to him, saying:

> "My son,
> My children, on my errands run;
> And when you flung the psalter by
> And hurried to a brother's cry,
> You turned at last your rusty key
> And left the door ajar for Me.

In the matchless description of the spirit of the great commoner, in the initial poem, Mr. Markham pays a tribute to Lincoln's sincere performance of duty. It is full of epigrammatic lines:

> "Forevermore he burned to do his deed
> With the fine stroke and gesture of a king.
> He built the rail-pile, as he built the state,
> Pouring his splendid strength through every blow,
> The conscience of him testing every stroke,
> To make his deed the measure of a man."

The Father's Business is a companion piece for the Landor-like quatrain in the first book entitled "Two at a Fireside." It again voices this strenuous gospel, putting into thumbnail space enough for a creed and a dozen commentaries:

> "Who puts back into place a fallen bar,
> Or flings a rock out of the traveled road,
> His feet are moving toward the central star,
> His name is whispered in the God's abode."

In *Even Scales* and in *The Creed,* Mr. Markham cries this same appeal. It is the climax of his splendid *Dreyfus* lines. It is the burden of his magnificent ode, *Our Deathless Dead*:

> "Only the heart-quick praise, the praise of deed,
> Is fitting praise for the heroic dead."

ELIZABETH FAURE.

The Autumn Woods.

The leaves are all aflame with fire,
A gorgeous sunset glow;
They burn and gleam with deep desire,
Such as the saints must know:
They worship in the silence sweet,
In faith's new hope arrayed;
The king of joy they wait to meet
A-marching down the glade!

Throughout the year their life was glad;
It opened out in spring.
'Twas dream of bliss to winter sad,
So birds began to sing;
The flowers came, companions fair,
The world at once grew bright,
The balm of blessing kissed the air,
And earth smiled in delight!

The winds will wail to see them fall,
The snows descend full soon,
But bravely they can hear death's call,
And take it as a boon:
It is a lesson to the race—
Of what great nature saith,
And how she woos our hearts to grace—
In her sweet angel death!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The Old Testament Bible Stories Told for the Young

—by—
W. L. SHELDON,
Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

XIII.

Joseph and His Brethren.

Our story now comes to Jacob and his family. We shall have a great deal to say about his twelve sons, hear about one chief head of the family as a patriarch, in the way we have heard about Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.

I must begin by telling you something about the youngest son, Joseph. Hereafter, instead of speaking of his father as Jacob I am going to use the other name, Israel.

All along we have felt that this was not going to be a happy family. It had not begun right, because the life of the father in his younger days had started in the wrong way.

For a time it seemed as if all would go well, now that they were back in the Land of Canaan, in the country which had been promised to their family by the Great Ruler. By and by, however, I am sorry to say that trouble arose among all those boys. One after another they grew up into young manhood, and had their own families, and took charge of their father's flocks and herds and had all the great wealth which had come down to them from Abraham and Isaac, as well as what they had been able to add, themselves.

It seemed that Israel became very fond of his youngest boy, Joseph. He made a pet of him, as we would say, showing more care for him than for all the other sons taken together. If there was anything nice for any one of the children, it was kept for Joseph. We can be quite sure, therefore, that the other brothers would not be pleased with this. It would not strike them as fair that their father should pay all attention to their youngest brother and not think of *them*. And so we can see that by and by they would become jealous of him, then come to dislike him, or to hate him and wish to do him evil; and this is the bad thing about jealousy. And just as we have said, instead of loving Joseph as the youngest of the family, they began to dislike him and then to hate him.. And the more they hated him, the more fond of him was the father Israel; until finally, in order to show his affection for the lad, he made him a coat of many colors, which of course put the boy forward as more important than the other sons. What is more, I am sorry to say that, owing to all this, the boy Joseph began to be spoiled, as we say. You know what that means, being a "spoiled" child.

At heart Joseph was a good boy and meant to do right. But nobody can be petted in this way and have the best things given to him and the rest of the family be neglected, without, by and by, becoming selfish and inclined to think of himself as being of more importance, and perhaps to "show off" or "brag" a little.

And this is what happened to Joseph. In spite of his good heart and honest character, he began to *talk*, knowing as he did how much his father loved him more than the other brothers. For instance, one time Joseph had a dream and he told it to his brothers, although he ought not to have done so, because in the way he spoke, it made him look more important and made them hate him more and more. He said to them: "Hear ye, I pray, this dream which I have dreamed: behold, we were binding sheaves in the field, and lo my sheaf arose and stood upright, and behold, your sheaves stood round about and bowed down to my sheaf."

You can see at once what this meant. He was putting himself forward even before his older brothers. He ought not to have done this. And still we cannot blame him very much, because he was quite young and did not know better, and his father was spoiling him. But this made his brothers very angry, as it implied he would rule over them. And they said to him: "Shalt thou indeed reign over us?" Then, as we are told, they hated him all the more. When Joseph saw how his brothers felt, surely he ought to have known better than to tell any more dreams. But he was spoiled still more; and so when he had another dream he went and told it to his brothers in this way: "Behold, I have dreamed once more: the sun and the moon and the eleven stars made obeisance to me." This is what he told to his father and to his brethren. This time, however, his father did not like it and rebuked him for it, seeing that it meant that even the father was going to be ruled over by him. And Israel said: "What is this dream that thou hast dreamed? Shall I and thy mother and thy brethren come and bow down ourselves to thee to the earth?"

At last, you see, the father began to find out the mistake he had made in spoiling Joseph so much. By this time the boy was about seventeen years old. One day while his brothers were taking care of the flocks in a place called Shechem, Israel found it necessary to send word to his other sons. And he said to Joseph: "Do not thy brothers feed their flocks in Shechem? come, and I will send thee unto them." And Joseph said, "Here am I." And Israel said to him, "Go and see whether it be well with thy brothers and well with the flocks and bring me word again."

Joseph started out, but he was not much accustomed to traveling; in fact, like spoiled children, he did not know how to do anything for himself; and this was very bad indeed. But he could not help it. He had been brought up that way and he was to suffer for it by and by. He went, therefore, trying to find his brothers, and came to Shechem; but they were not there. Then a certain man found him wandering in the field and asked him, saying, "Whom seekest thou?" and Joseph answered, "I seek my brethren; tell me, I pray thee, where they feed their flocks;" and the man answered, "They are departed hence, for I heard them say, 'Let us go to Dothan.'" And Joseph went after his brethren and found them at last in Dothan.

Now, in the meantime, those brothers had been talking a good deal by themselves while they were taking care of their flocks. They had grown more and more jealous of Joseph and had begun to dislike him exceedingly, because they thought their father liked him so much that he neglected them and did not treat them fairly. And while they were talking together they saw him approaching. Then all of a sudden the thought struck them that they would seize him and put him to death. It was an awful thought to come to them that they would actually slay their own brother. But this is what they said: "Behold, this dreamer cometh; come now therefore, let us slay him and cast him into one of the pits; and we will say, Some evil beast hath devoured him; and we shall see what will become of his dreams."

I am happy to say that one of the brothers refused to allow any such wickedness. He felt that there was no way of talking his brothers out of their desire to get rid of Joseph, and so he said: "Shed no blood; cast him into a pit nearby there in the wilderness and lay no hand upon him."

You see it was Reuben's plan to get the boy out of the pit later on and send him back to his father. And, as we are told, when Joseph was come unto his brethren, they stripped him of his coat of many colors that was on him and they took him and cast him into the pit, and the pit was empty; there was no water in it.

Now, if nothing else had happened, all might have gone well and Reuben might have saved the boy and

sent him home. But as the brothers sat down to eat their bread, a caravan of Ishmaelites came by on their way to Egypt; and Judah, one of the other brothers, said: "What is the use of slaying our brother by putting him this way into a pit? Come, let us sell him to the Ishmaelites, so that we shall not have to feel that we have caused his death, inasmuch as he is our brother." Then the other brothers hearkened unto Judah. They lifted Joseph out of the pit and sold him to the Ishmaelites as a slave, for twenty pieces of silver. Reuben had not been there when this took place, and he still thought Joseph was in the pit. Later on, therefore, he went alone to the spot in order to take him out and send him home. And behold, Joseph was not there. Then Reuben was terribly sorry and rent his clothes, and he returned to his brothers and said: "The child is not; and I, whither shall I go?

So the other brothers told him what they had done; and they felt that the only thing they could do was to deceive their old father Israel by making him think his boy was dead. They took the coat of many colors and dipped it in the blood of one of the flock and brought it to their father, saying, "This have we found; know now whether it be thy son's coat or not." And poor Israel saw then what a blow had come upon him. As far as he knew, the darling of his heart had been devoured by wild animals. The troubles of his life had not come to an end, although Esau had forgiven him. Once more he had to think of the wickedness of his younger days as he said to himself: "The punishment is coming now." And he could only answer to his sons: "It is my son's coat; an evil beast hath devoured him; Joseph is without doubt torn to pieces." And the dear old father rent his garments and put sackcloth about him—which was the custom in those days in time of sorrow—and he mourned for his darling son many days. The rest of his sons and daughters tried to comfort him in every way they knew how, but he refused to be comforted and said: "I will go down to my grave mourning my son that is lost."

All the while you see, throughout this life of Israel—whose name had been Jacob—we keep thinking how the wrong conduct of his earlier days was being punished. And I suppose he was all the while thinking of it himself; for, as we have said, whenever anything happened to him, his conscience would trouble him and he would feel that he was being punished for his crime against his brother Esau.

To the Teacher: The "Joseph Cycle" of tales make one continuous narrative. But in order to fix the incidents firmly on the mind it were better to divide them into a number of separate stories. Have some discussion as to the characters of the various brothers and the shades of guilt or innocence which they displayed. Raise the question: Did Joseph get what he deserved? Was he really proud or vain; or was it only because he had been spoiled? Give as the first answer: Wait and see. Show how it is that in a young person we cannot always judge, although the person may perhaps himself know. Dwell on the phrase, because it has become classic, "coat of many colors." Discuss what sort of a garment it may have been. Ask whether the bad feelings of the brothers were justified; or if the brothers should have considered and reflected that Joseph may have been a little spoiled as the youngest child. Indicate how a dark thread of deceit seems to run all through the experiences in the life of Jacob, as if an avenging judgment was pursuing him. Show how he never seemed to be happy or sure of anything. Introduce a picture of a caravan taking Joseph down to Egypt. You may find it necessary to explain about the "Ishmaelites" as descendants of Hagar and Ishmael; if possible the point could be passed over.

Memory Verse: *I will go down to my grave mourning my son that is lost.*

THE STUDY TABLE.

Notes.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons I am in receipt of two small volumes. The first of these is "The Wild Fowlers," by Charles Bradford. For those who are fond of hunting this is a capital guide. I only hope that neither this book nor any other will stimulate the savage propensities of human beings to murder and slaughter in the animal kingdom. It is high time that we educated our young people, in school life, to find recreation as well as to work, without harm to any living creature. At present our sole aim in education is to teach how to accomplish nerve-strain work; and recreative exercise is left to the chances of after life. The other volume is entitled "Short Talks With Young Mothers." I have looked through this book with amazement. At last we have a compact little volume that ought to be placed in the hands of every young mother in the land. I have learned more from it than from all the volumes on health that have come to my hands for years past. Everything is clearly stated, and without prolixity. It is the work of Charles Gilmore Kerley, M. D., lecturer on diseases of children in one of the New York medical schools. I sincerely wish this book may have a very wide circulation. It cannot fail of finding work to do everywhere.

I noticed briefly, in a recent issue of Unity, "The Apostles of the Southeast." I am reading this volume with such delight and benefit that I wish to call more careful attention to it. It is one of the very few admirable books of the season. It is religion among the lowly, entirely sifted from rant, and cant, and false theology. It is a picture of just that simple, hearty, Christ religion, which ought to be at home in all classes of people. The pictures of work in the slums of London, and those on shipboard, are equally noble and beautiful. The book is a grand handbook for those who wish to learn how to do good. I have watched to find a touch of bigotry; but it is common sense from beginning to end, and it is thoroughly readable. This is one of the books that I like to recommend. It is published by Appleton & Co.

Another copy of that glorious novel of two years ago, "The Latimers," is laid before me by the publishers. I do not know that I need to repeat what I have said before, that I hold the work of Dr. McCook to be one of the best historical novels ever produced. I shall be glad if I can add to the pleasure of a thousand more of the Unity readers by persuading them to purchase it.

From the same house I am in receipt of "The Life of Charles Thompson," who was Secretary of the Continental Congress, and translator of the Bible from the Greek. Thompson was an intimate friend of Franklin and Jefferson, and one of the best scholars of his day. This biography is exceedingly attractive, both for the history that it gives us, and for the charming character which it reveals. There is added to the volume a very valuable chapter of bibliography. The book must find its way into the libraries of all good scholars and students of the Revolutionary period.

With this book comes a superb volume, "Conrad Weiser, and the Indian Policy of Colonial Pennsylvania." This is one of the most important volumes on Indian history that I have ever seen. It throws great light not only on the Indian tribes and Indian wars of Pennsylvania, but on the Iroquois of New York State. Of course there is involved a vast amount of data concerning the settlement of Ohio and the first winning of the West. The illustrations are of the most valuable sort; and the book is got up in a manner above criticism. It is impossible not to feel a sort of friendly

desire to co-operate with a firm that gives us such books as we have here only briefly reviewed. George W. Jacobs & Co. is not as large a firm as can be found in Philadelphia and New York, but its work is of the highest order. With the books noted above, there comes a little brochure, by S. Weir Mitchell—a Christmas tale, entitled "Mr. Kris Kringle." I do not need to say that it is a charming little volume. It is published for the benefit of the Home of the Merciful Savior, for Crippled Children, of Philadelphia.

E. P. POWELL.

Foundation of American Foreign Policy.*

This recent volume by Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart, of Harvard University, will prove a welcome addition to the library of any student of American affairs. The purpose of this book briefly stated seems to be to show that America, far from embarking upon a new course in her recent acquisitions in the West Indies and the Pacific, with her consequent assumption of certain world responsibilities, really continues a century or more of clearly defined precedents. From the Seven Years' War in Europe which began when Washington fired on the French at Great Meadows in 1754, America has been a world power, and from the attempt to annex Canada by force of arms in 1775 this country has persistently expanded by treaty or by forcible annexation. Those who have prided themselves on being citizens of a nation which never, until recently at least, has followed the aggressive tactics of European nations in annexing territory, will suffer something of a mental shock. While in the main our expansions have been peaceable and by treaty or purchase, Prof. Hart points out instances of aggression sufficient to dissipate into very thin air our high and mighty pretensions to virtues superior to our land grabbing cousins across the sea.

In the Louisiana matter, the West Florida controversy, a second attempt to conquer Canada in 1812, in the Texas, California and New Mexico annexations, as well as other instances, the growing nation showed that neither in disposition or practice was it averse to taking things which it wanted in a most high-handed way. Prof. Hart, whose accuracy as a historian is beyond serious question, evidently sees us as others see us. We have not been as good as on high and patriotic occasions we have sometimes maintained. The author denies any purpose of justifying our present course in the Philippines, or of holding biased views thereon. But his constant use of the word "Colonies" for what we have for a century designated as territorial acquisitions lends some color to the thought that Prof. Hart would like to accustom us to an existing, and to some an unpleasant fact, by the repetition of a new word.

Prof. Hart must of course know that "territories" and "colonies" are not, never were, and never can be, from an American standpoint, equivalent terms. Heretofore this nation has taken new "territory" with the expressed determination to grant statehood. Our new "colonial" venture as expressly denies any such intention. The author, on page 169, finally himself makes the distinctions which his constant use of colony as equivalent to territory seems to deny. "But that system means a change in American standards of government and human rights. We must abandon the principle that 'all just government depends on the consent of the governed.' We must look on the colonial status as permanent and not a stage on the way to statehood. We must either yield part of our protective policy or give up the principle for which our forefathers fought in the Revolution."

R. A. W.

*One of a series of volumes on "American Men of Energy." Published by C. P. Putnam & Sons, of New York.

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN. Why has no religion this command before all others: Thou shalt work?

MON. Nature repeats herself in law, man in duty.

TUES. No one can deliver thee but thyself, for no one can so tell thee the truth as thou thyself.

WED. What is a virtue that only lives to itself?

THURS. He who has many to command in their service to him, is also bound to many by duty.

FRI. No man is worthy of working for the highest and purest, whose hand and heart are not pure.

SAT. I yearn for some soul-freeing dedication of myself. I find it not. I must find the spring within me.

Berthold Auerbach.

Three Little Nuts.

Three brown nuts in a burr
All in a nest lined with fur,
Lie snug and warm,
And are kept from harm
By a thick, green prickly wall.

Two squirrels in a tree,
As merry as merry can be,
Jump, scamper and chatter
The little nuts scatter,
So to the ground they must fall.

The nuts lie chilly and lone;
The squirrels begin to take them home,
For the nuts are ripe and sweet,
And the baby squirrels would like them to eat,
'Tis told in a nutshell, all.

—American Primary Teacher.

The Bag of Gold.

'Meriky Ann was waiting and watching for a rainbow in the sky when she went down the road with her pail to the well for water. It had been raining and the sun was breaking through the clouds. Miss May had said if you walked to the end of the rainbow you would find a bag of gold. As she started to draw the water the sun came out. Raising her eyes she saw, stretched across the heavens, but ending, to all apearances, in the unfenced field farther down the roadside, the long-expected rainbow. With a little low cry of joy, 'Meriky seized the water pail and started as fast as her little black, bare feet could carry her. As she ran she kept repeating, over and over under her breath, "I ain' gwine get tired and turn back."

She carried the pail purely from instinct; she had been taught never to leave her grandmother's things lying carelessly around. She went so fast that she forgot to keep her eye on the road, and it was not until she had run into a brier patch and scratched her chin badly that she took thought of her surroundings. The brier patch proved to be a field overgrown with blackberries, dark, rich, deliciously ripe blackberries, that made 'Meriky's big eyes grow bigger and brighter.

"I's sholy gwine hab some o' dem!" she declared, and was soon busily filling the pail. Meanwhile, the gay rainbow that had beguiled her slowly faded from the sky. But still 'Meriky picked steadily, rainbow and bag alike forgotten.

It wanted an hour to sunset when she started home by a way that carried her past a row of fresh, new cottages far out from the town. A lady came down the steps of the first house she passed and beckoned to 'Meriky.

"Are those berries for sale, little girl?"

'Meriky had never thought of such a thing until that moment.

"Yessum," she replied, "dey is for sale."

"How much are they worth?"

"Dey's worf a hundred dollars."

"They may be worth that," said the lady, smiling, "but I will give you twenty-five cents."

"Yessum," said 'Meriky, "dey's worf dat; you can take 'em."

"Can you bring me some more?" asked the lady. "I will give you twenty-five cents for every pail you bring."

"Yessum," said Meriky, "I'll fetch all you want me to fetch," and away she flew.

At the close of the berry season, 'Meriky's old oyster cup, which she utilized for a bank, showed five bright, new silver dollars. Then came the happy season of spending her wealth. The load of wood was bought, the yard was resplendent in a wealth of white, new chips which the man that 'Meriky hired had made, and one bright Saturday afternoon 'Meriky Ann walked into the town to make the rest of her purchases. She bought a bag of flour and some stockings for granny, a piece of salt pork to boil with the turnips from the little patch behind the cabin. Then she bought the white apron she had determined upon in case she should ever be rich. Then came the red dresses for Nan and herself, and a little shoulder shawl for her grandmother.

Just one bright silver dime remained of her wealth. There were so many ways in which she could spend it that she couldn't decide which was best. Then she thought to "keep it for luck," and slipping it into her mouth, she gathered such of her packages as she could carry and started for home. The packages filled her fat arms and rose up to her chin; hence, turning a corner she unintentionally ran into a fine lady, who, like herself, was out shopping. Before 'Meriky could frame any apology, the lady said, in a voice 'Meriky recognized at once:

"Why, isn't this 'Meriky Ann? And did you find the bag of gold, 'Meriky?"

'Meriky's big eyes danced above the heap of bundles. "Goodness!" she exclaimed, "if I ain't done forgot all 'bout dat rainbow till dis here blessed minute, Miss May! I started atter hit, I did, but I clear forgot to keep on."

"Well," laughed Miss May, "it seems that you've managed to find money somewhere."

'Meriky shuffled her parcels in such a way as to recover the use of her left hand; she placed it upon the unhealed scratch on her chin.

"Yessum," she said, "yessum, I found hit in de blackberry patch whar I went runnin' atter dat rainbow."

"Oh," said Miss May, "then you did find the bag of gold, after all? You found it in the blackberry patch? Well, honest labor is a treasure always, 'Meriky, whether it takes you to the end of the rainbow or to the blackberry patch, or to the woodpile to gather chips. And it always brings its own reward."

She passed on and left the little black girl staring open-mouthed after her fluttering blue ribbons. When the blue ribbons had disappeared, 'Meriky was still standing motionless and thoughtful in the busy street, turning the silver dime over and over with the tip of her tongue.

Suddenly she wheeled and started back to the store from which she had just come; her fat face was one bright, continuous smile.

"I's gwine buy myself a blue ribbon lack dat," she declared, "if I don't see anuder dime till next summer! Eh, eh?"

It was the one bit of real extravagance she allowed herself out of her wealth.—*Youth's Companion.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Influence of Good Deeds and Words.

A traveler through a dusty road
  Strewed acorns on the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up,
  And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
  To breathe its early vows
And Age was pleased, in heats of noon,
  To bask beneath its boughs;
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
  The birds sweet music bore;
It stood, a glory in its place,
  A blessing evermore!

A little spring had lost its way
  Amid the grass and fern,
A passing stranger scooped a well,
  Where weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care
  A ladle at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
  But judged that toil might drink.
He passed again—and lo! the well,
  By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
  And saved a life beside!

A dreamer dropped a random thought,
  'Twas old, and yet was new—
A simple fancy of the brain,
  But strong in being true;
It shone upon a genial mind,
  And lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
  A monitory flame:
The thought was small, its issue great,
  A watch-fire on the hill;
It sheds its radiance far adown,
  And cheers the valley still!

A nameless man amid a crowd
  That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love,
  Unstudied from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown—
  A transitory breath;
It raised a brother from the dust,
  It saved a soul from death.

O germ! O font! O word of love!
  O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
  But mighty at the last!

—*Charles Mackay.*

Chicago. All Souls Church.—This society came to its annual dinner and business meeting last Thursday night in a hopeful spirit. Upwards of two hundred and fifty joined in the family dinner. Reports from some thirty distinct sections of activity were given and each report showed all bills paid, with a balance on the right side. Not since the triumphant World's Fair year has the attendance upon the church and classes been so encouraging. Mr. Jones' double class in Browning, night and day sections, doing the same work, has an aggregate membership of one hundred and fifty. All the reports more or less directly pointed to the new building which is sorely needed and which is confidently expected. Eighty per cent of the one hundred thousand required before the start is made is on paper. The further work on this venture was entrusted to a provisional board of trustees, the promotion of which scheme will be its exclusive business.

The following are the officers elected for the ensuing year:

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Foreign Notes.

A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL ROMANCE.—Many librarians and book lovers will recall the sale of the Montaiglon library, which took place less than two years ago under very peculiar circumstances. Some queer rumors were afloat at the time to account for the fact that this valuable collection was rushed into the market at the very close of the auction season and sold at such an amazing sacrifice, but the most astonishing part of its history is not generally known in America even now. It forms a very Frenchy story, which appeared as a piece of signed correspondence in the columns of *Le Temps*, Paris, last July. Surmising that many of the Montaiglon books might have found their way into the John Crerar library, a Swiss friend kindly sent your correspondent a marked copy of the Paris paper, from which we condense the following details:

M. Anatole de Montaiglon was one of those genuine bibliophiles who collect books for the love of them, not as a speculation. Far from regarding his collection as a source of future revenue, he lived among his treasures, adding to them as his means allowed, and even making sacrifices in other directions to round it out and leave it a monument which he fondly hoped might be kept intact for all time. A favorite pupil of his, M. Mario Schiff, draws a charming picture of the old professor among his treasures. To reach his study, he says, one passed through a veritable tunnel of books. In his chamber books were everywhere, and all in the choice bindings of the book lover, superb morocco, beautiful calf with handsome red labels, dainty little Elzevirs, etc. On the floor were piles of pamphlets, on the tables, rolls of prints and odd numbers. Through the half-open door one caught sight of more books mirrored in a looking-glass over the fireplace. Occasionally a sliding sound might be heard among these piles; then Montaiglon would say: "Do not disturb yourself, my books get tired sometimes and talk to one another." At 11 o'clock each morning the maid brought in his breakfast, placing the dishes behind the ten volumes of the glossary of Du Cange. Then the old master would spread a newspaper on one corner of the table and, while he continued to arrange his papers, would call on his pupil for—"Volume I., the cutlet; volume II., the spinach," etc. From under the table would come a bottle of wine, and out of some drawer beside him one or two over-ripe pears.

Anatole de Courde de Montaiglon died September 1, 1895, at the age of seventy-two. He had been at different times employed in the museum of the Louvre, connected with the libraries of *Sainte Geneviève* and the *Arsenal*, and finally professor of bibliography at the *Ecole des Chartes*. His numerous works were devoted especially to the beginnings of French art and to early French literature. He was a notable editor of Rabelais, Lafontaine, Molière, and one of the first in that group of scholars including Jannet, Rathery, Burgaud des Maretz and Paul Lacroix, who toward the middle of the last century revived in learned, valuable and elegant editions the treasures of the old French tongue. His personal library, of some 85,000 volumes, was rich in unique books and rare documents. It was a mine of wealth for the study of the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

Montaiglon had no direct heirs, and the disposition of his precious library was a matter for grave consideration. He wished to leave it to some institution which would preserve it intact, and considered at different times the *Bibliothique Nationale*, that of the *Arsenal* and that of Tours, but always there seemed difficulties in the way. The library at Tours could not comply with his condition of giving the collection a room by itself, for lack of space. For a long time it was thought that the collection would be left to the *Ecole des Chartes*. But Montaiglon was bankrupt. He had nothing to live upon but his modest income as professor, when at the age of seventy he lost his post.

He was prostrated. He could no longer fit out his cherished volumes in sumptuous bindings, with beautiful tooling, and his grief was sore. Though he said nothing of it to his nearest friends, somebody suspected it. One evening the old Professor was invited to dinner by a friar of the Benedictine order in the *rue Garancière*. At table his host, a scholarly monk, whose erudition Montaiglon could appreciate, laid before him the advantages of establishing in Paris, in the convent of the Benedictines, a room where all his books might be collected, and where he himself might come, when he chose, to instruct in bibliographical science the young priests or students of the order. A provisional agreement had been drawn up, according to which Montaiglon, while receiving an annuity of 1,200 francs (less than $250), could in his lifetime see his beloved collection installed definitely in a permanent home.

Montaiglon accepted the proposition thus made to him on the part of the Benedictines through the agency of Father Tremblaye, and soon after the installation of the books began in a special room provided by the fathers themselves, in the locality which they then occupied, *rue Vaneau, 34*. By the terms of the agreement, which we have not space to quote in full, "M. de Montaiglon sells to M. de la Tremblaye the whole of his library, comprising especially works in history, literature, archæology, etc., now found in the rooms occupied by M. de Montaiglon, the same to be included without exception or reserve."

The agreement specifically included also all books that might be bought by him during the remainder of his life, and all such works of every description as he had lent or might lend to individuals, to public libraries, etc. Two-thirds of the collection—the selection being left to the original owner—was to be made over at once to the purchaser. These were to be classified and shelved, and could not be removed from Paris during the lifetime of the seller. A catalogue of them was to be prepared under the direction of M. de Montaiglon, and this catalogue was to be printed at the purchaser's expense within five years from the death of Montaiglon. The old collector was to keep a faithful record of such new books as he might purchase and transmit a copy annually to M. de la Tremblaye. The latter was also entitled to put his stamp on the book-plates of that one-third of the collection which the owner might retain until his death.

This agreement was signed January 21, 1894. M. de Montaiglon died in September, 1895, having received from his quarterly annuity about 1,800 francs. The entire collection was then installed in the Benedictine convent, where it was made accessible to members of the order and to others for about four years. Toward the end of 1899, however, the brotherhood removed to new quarters in the *rue de la Source*, and in a few days nothing remained at the old place but the Montaiglon library. When the time came for its removal, doors and windows were found locked and barred. On opening them the entire collection was found to have disappeared. M. de la Tremblaye was also missing. He had thrown off the habit of his order and with the whole precious collection decamped for America. The agreement with M. de Montaiglon having been made throughout in his name only, no redress was possible.

So it was that the old Professor's lifelong hopes were defeated, and that book lovers throughout Europe are mourning over the treasures lost to them, and scattered here in America, most of them at prices ludicrously below their real value.

The volumes once belonging to this collection may be recognized by the collector's graceful monogram, and still more by his book-plate, which bears the motto from an old poet of the sixteenth century, "*De jour en jour en apprenant mourant*" (From day to day, while learning, dying). M. E. H.

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